Farm and Garden Notes.

Keep no useless stock to eat up the profits.

The average weight of milk is 8 5-8 lbs. per gallon.

Clover grass is the cheapest feed grown for swine.

Don't forget to use the roller on the cloddy wheat fields.

In keeping a horse fat there is as much in the driver as in the feed.

Medium-sized sheep usually have the best and heaviest fleeces.

Farmers should pay more attention to the feet of their horses than is their usual custom.

Moderate loads and more trips is much better than taking the risk of spoiling the horses or ruining their constitutions.

Many farmers make a mistake in attempting to carry more stock over the winter than they have feed to keep well.

Many a dairyman might reduce the number of his cows one-half and make more clear profit than from the largest number.

The careful shepherd will watch his pastures and clean up all burs, Spanish needles, etc., which will get in and injure the fleece.

The development of a good walking speed in the horse is of more importance to the farmer than the development of trotting capacity.

The horses should have water quite often when at heavy work, and especially while ploughing and harrowing the wheat land in the dry Fall season.

The Tacoma (Puget Sound) Evening News is jubilant over stalks of wheat is designated as "seven headed wheat," with stalks six feet high from root to top; also "red top" clover six feet in the length. The yield of wheat was eighty five bushels per acre.

Every farmer who keeps hens should provide them with comfortable quarters, where they can be kept from the stables occupied by cattle and horses. Colts frequently become covered with vermin by permitting fowls to roost near their mangers. The practice of allowing a flock of hens to run over the hay mow at will is one which no farmer can afford.

Gather all the trash from the garden and add it to the trash-pile; give the garden a heavy dressing of well-rotted manure and plow it carefully under in readiness for next spring, especially if it be strong loam or clay, leaves the surface rough. A moderate dressing of compost, lightly plowed under in the spring, will then fit the garden admirable for a big crop next summer.

A horse, even more than a hog, is liable to be over fed. With food before it all the time, it will keep picking it over and grow poor, with its box always partly filled. It is an excellent plan to find how much horses really require, and then feed them just so much and no more. Do not be alarmed if everything is eaten clean in the morning. That is [illegible] taking care to give enough.

The Clay-Eaters of Maryland.

The eastern shore of Maryland has not only been brought into prominence by the wonderful oyster beds that line it. A great swamp extends through Wicomico and Worcester counties. It produces cypress, and is the home of the most venomous snakes. It is also the home of the "swampers" and clay eaters. These are not reptiles or animals, but people, human beings, most of whom have never seen a railroad, heard a locomotive whistle, or voted any ticket.

It is hard to understand the appetite that craves clay as a diet. Some people refuse to believe that people can live and yet eat clay, but a reputable and truthful physician who recently contracted a severe case of the shaking ague in making a tour of the eastern shore swamps declares that these peculiar specimens of the Maryland population do eat clay and have a passion or habit of chewing it like lovers of hashes. There is a kind of clay found in that section that is oily, like a putty, and with very little sand or grit in it.

The physician referred to says the clay eating swampers are miserable specimens of humanity. With legs that are mere sticks, narrow hips, depressed chests, pot bellies, and bluish yellow complexion, they present about the lowest type of the white race found in the United States. The swampers who acquire the habit of eating clay are generally short lived, but the other inhabitants of the Eastern Shore swamps are hardy as others and as ignorant as Hottentots. Many of their houses are built on piles, and they reach them in boats through the lagoons. Though they shake with the ague half the year, and have skins the color of saffron, they seem to be insured against any other kind of sickness in the swamps than ague.

It is astonishing what quantities of quinine and whiskey are consumed by those people. The women who are not clay eaters chew tobacco and drink corn juice the same as men. In the summer the women and children gather blackberries, which are plentiful in this vicinity. The men go off in the woods and make shingles, which they sell to the nearest country stores for cheap wearing apparel, corn-meal, bacon, quinine and whiskey. These people are never reached by the tax collector, the preacher the book agent, the politician, or the lightning rod agent, and when they are not shaking with chills they are happy and contented.

Gout has various names, according to the parts affected, as podagra, when in the feet; chiragra, when in the hands, &c.; but whether the attack is first felt in the feet or the hands, rub with Salvation Oil at once. It annihilates pain. Price 25 c.

Popular trial shows the worth of every article, and 43 years constant use has proven the great efficacy of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup; it has no superior.

Cranberries.

A letter from Farmingdale, N.J., to the New York Times, gives the following interesting fact about cranberries:

When one-legged John Webb settled near Forked river, in Ocean county, many years ago, no storekeeper could be induced to give him credit, so poor was he in this world's goods. John Webb could now buy out the whole town if he so desired This is because he had a great head. In the course of human events he became the possessor of a piece of low swampy land, in which the cranberry vine and the garter snake flourished, and between gathering the ruddy fruit and bruising the serpents' heads Webb had time enough to observe that where the rains had washed down sand upon the old peat bottom, there the vines grew longer and the berries clustered thicker and larger than on the bare "muck," as it is termed. It was this unpretentious discovery that subsequently filled John Webb's coffers with bright round dollars and caused his name to be a household word among the cranberry growers from the marshes of Massachusetts to the swamps of Wisconsin. John Webb with commendable alacrity made the most of his observations, and soon had constructed the first cultivated cranberry bog ever known.

Until John Webb's innovation, in 1856, cranberries grew on long vines which trailed over the ground only in wet swamps and morasses, and so scarce were they, and consequently expensive, that they only graced the tables of the wealthy. To day so many are raised that they are within the reach of every housekeeper, and in support of this statement is the fact that during the five years past their consumption to this country has increased 500 per cent. The cranberry bog of to day is a low, broad plain of of emerald hue, divided neatly into beds by ditches. To construct a bog it is necessary to raze a swamp which has a deep peat bottom.—After the ground is cleared of stumps and made level, ditches are dug and beds are laid out. Sand, to a depth of three or four inches, is then spread over the peat and the bog is ready for planting.—Sprigs of the long green vines are taken from the swamps, imbedded in holes made with a stick in the sand, and in the soil is pushed in tightly about them. Then the vines if they are well planted and enterprising, begin growing, and the sole purpose of their life seems to be to reach over all creation and hide the earth from sight.

Perhaps in their travels the vines are anticipated in their laudable desire to possess the earth by what is called "three-square grass" and rushes. The former is the most persistent and aggravating grass which ever nodded familiarly to the sun, while the latter acquired such a reputation about Moses' time that the writer dislikes to speak disparagingly of them. But [illegible] "three-square" and rushes are up early and at it, and by the time the cranberry vine gets around it finds no opening for an enterprising young shoot.

The expense of extricating grass and rushes from the bog has by the end of the second year increased its cost from, say, $500 an acre to $600. All well regulated cranberry bogs slumber for seven months out of the twelve under water in order to escape the winter's frosts. In order to flood a bog two things are essential—a never-failing stream of water and a substantial dam.—No bog can be successful without them. The cranberry lands hereabout are submerged annually about November 1, and while they idly lie beneath six feet of water big and little Americans from one end of the land to the other are looking upon the cranberry sauce when it is red. In the meantime the vines are arranging things for the next season, and when the water is drawn from the bog about the middle of May they lose no time lying around and drying in the sun, but set to work turning out another crop, and anything else that can beat the cranberry crop has to get up and hump itself.

Any cranberry bog with fair conditions should yield 100 bushels of berries to the acre, which will net anywhere from $100 to $200.—It is estimated that as a rule cranberry cultivation pays about twenty five per cent. per year on the money invested.

In New Jersey there are about 5,000 acres of cranberry bog. Last year the crop was worth about $375,000. It is estimated by the statistician of the New Jersey Cranberry Growers' association that the yield in this State this year will reach 257,000 bushels, while New England will probably turn out 225,000 bushels; Wisconsin, 150,000 bushels, and other States 10,000 bushels of berries, making a grand total for the country of 560,000 bushels of cranberries. These figures may be a little too high, but it gives a better idea of how fond Americans are of the ruddy little berry than could be learned in the perusal of a half column of newspaper talk. Our friend John Bull has developed a fondness for cranberries, and as a result devours much of the American fruit with his holiday goose.

Harvesting the cranberry crop usually furnishes employment to perhaps 3,500 or 4,000 persons in this State. Cranberries, to the grower's great regret, must be picked by hand. Machines have been invented which were intended for picking them, but when put to the test they have achieved no greater success than the many so called flying machines. Semi occasionally some enterprising grower announces that he has at last completed a machine which will successfully harvest cranberries. Then growers from one end of the State to the other throng the spot like flies to see it tested. Then they throng back again in disappointment.

The pickers are men, women and children—little children at that.—They receive from forty to eighty cents for picking a bushel of berries, and a good picker will average $1.25 per day. These pickers are chronic growlers. They begin growing with their breakfast in the morning, keep it up all day, and are hard at it when they leave work at night. They have to be closely watched by overseers who see that they pick all the berries in their rows, and who also act as peacemakers, for wars of words are frequent, as the women vary the monotony of the day by quarreling. To obviate these difficulties, some growers employ Italians, who are quartered in long barracks. The gentle macaroni eaters do not fight or quarrel while at work, but they frequently wile away the long evenings by carving and dissecting each other with stilettoes. So it is evident that a fortune awaits the man who invents a successful cranberry picker.

The Race of Life.

A sporting paper, viewing a race of life from its distinctive standpoint, gives the following "pointers" to those who might wish to stake money on the issue of this great go-as-you-please contest against time.

"If one could see a million babies start on a journey (all scratch the mark, of course), and follow them through life, this is about what you would see: Nearly 150,000 of them drop out of the ranks at the end of the first year, while twelve months later the numbers will be further thinned by the deduction of 53,000 more; 28,000 would follow at the end of the thirteenth year. They would throw up the sponge by twos and threes until the end of the forty-fifth year, when it would be found that in the intervening period some 500,000 had left the track Sixty years would see 370,000 gray-headed men still cheerfully pegging away. At the end of eighty years the competitors in this great "go-as-you-please" would number 98,000, but they would be getting more shaky and 'dotty' each lap. At the end of 95 seasons 223 would only be left in the final 'ties,' while the winner would be led into his retiring room, a solitary wretch, at the age of an hundred and eight. There is something grimly humorous in the quaint array of figures, but they are founded on statistics carefully compiled. One cannot help wondering what would be the betting at the start about any one of those million babies coming in alone at the hundredth lap of the great and mysterious track upon which the race of life is run."—Medical Age.

Bad Habits.

What is my opinion of bad habits? Bad habits are to be eschewed of course, but I have always looked upon a man without any with some degree of suspicion. I don't know exactly whether it was because was afraid his wings might sprout [illegible] such a thing was so novel as to be painful. I don't like to see a man all faults, but one little vice has always appeared to me to be a saving clause in a man's bill of existence He must have a vent of some kind to let the Adam out of him, and he doesn't chew, or smoke, or swear, or bet, or make a break occasionally in some way, I always feel that he is getting fuller every day of something tha will burst forth some time and split things wide open. In volcanic countries the people are always glad to see the lava run out, and even if it does destroy a few houses and a few lives, it is by far preferable to having a season of perfect serenity broken into by a frightful earthquake, which opens the earth and deluges with fire what it doesn't swallow. Men are volcanic, and as I consider, therefore, that I live in a volcanic country, I prefar having a constant eruption that is comparatively harmless to perhaps one in a lifetime that is fatally destructive. The Lord never made more than one perfect man, and he was the first of the product. He didn't like the prospect of his work and changed him. When I see "perfect men" nowadays. I am suspicious, and my confidence is only restored when I learn that nature has kindly bestowed upon them some venial sin which the recording angle writes down with a lead pencil that has a rubber on the other end of it.

Not Quite that Old.

She felt giddy and light spirited. She wanted to flirt and there were plenty of good-looking men around. But he had her. He was a superbe gotist and she was nothing but a girl. He was talking about the greatness of some great men, himself included. She was bearing it like a heroine. He did not dream he could be boring her.

"As I was saying, Thomas Jefferson was perhaps—"

"Tell me," she said, with a bland and innocent expression, "tell me, did you know Jefferson personally?"

"Thank you, no; I am not quite so old as that."

He sailed off, and she, who was only an innocent, ignorant girl, who did not know anything, murmured to herself.

"I thought he couldn't stand that."

For twenty-five cents you can buy a pound package of the celebrated Day's Horse Powder.

To ignore the warnings of an approaching bilious attack is highly imprudent. Use Dr. Bull's Baltimore Pills when the first symptoms appear. 25 cts.

All babies are diminutive Cæsars, but they need Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup for colic, flatulence, etc.
